

Thomas Hollis Esq^r. of Lincoln's Inn. F.R.S.
 Friend to Truth, to Science and the Muse,
 a Token of Gratitude
 ascrib'd by his most
 obedient Servant
 Joseph Grove.



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THE HISTORY OF THE

T. H. 1

ART OF STORY TELLING

It is a great and pleasing
And I must recommend this art
To all who have nature as the ground
Of the whole system in the world
To be a masterpiece of nature
To be a masterpiece of nature
To be a masterpiece of nature
To be a masterpiece of nature



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T H E

ART of STORY TELLING.

TO attain this great and pleasing Art, I must recommend, that my pupil shall observe nature as the groundwork of the whole system, for the tale that is unnatural is unpleasing; and I would advise that he be not too close a copyist of the story he hears, but rather tell it his own way, and strive to improve it. If he be only an imitator, his tale or jest will become flat and spiritless; for all stories are to be improved or made worse, according as they are told.

As tale-telling gives life to conversation, they that practice it should never tell any stories but such as seem to arise from the subject they are engaged in, or which may serve to illustrate and enliven it: for story-telling does not so much consist in wit as humour, which must be frequently assisted by cheerful looks and whimsical motions.

The *best Story-teller* is he who tells a great deal in a few words, engages

your attention, pleases your imagination, and quickly excites your laughter,

The *long Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in many words; and will make a story, which might be told in a few minutes, last an hour.

The *marvellous*, is he who is fond of telling such things as no man can believe.

The *insipid*, who may not improperly be called the *soporific*, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy dull relation of unimportant facts: you shall have an account from such a person, of every minute circumstance that happened in the company where he has been; what he did, and what they did; what they said, and what he said; with a million of trite phrases.

The *delightful Story-teller*, is one who adds not a word too much, or says too little; who can, in a careless manner, give a great deal of pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert than be applauded; who shews good understanding and a delicate turn of wit in every thing that comes from him; and who can entertain his company, tho' he only tells a tale of a child and its hobby-horse.



T H E
F I L B E R D:
O R, T H E
Compleat Medley of WIT.

A Gentleman being dangerously ill, his wife, by way of consolation, told him, she hoped if he died, he would go to heaven. And if you die, said he, where do you hope to go? To heaven too, answered the wife. *God forbid!* says the husband. *for you've made this world troublesome enough: I hope you'll not have it in your power to make the next so.* //

A proclamation for a general fast being delivered to a mayor in the West, as he was thatching his barn, he held it upside down; which the messenger observing, he answered, *he knew that; but he would read it which way he pleased, by virtue of his office.*

A pregnant woman being brought before a justice by the parish officer, she denied her being with child; but the justice replying he knew she was with child, and that he would maintain it. *If your worship will maintain it,* said she, *I'll own then that I am with child with all my heart.*

A man going to be hanged, observed the mob running towards the place of execution, and addressing them, told them, that if they were in his case they would not be in so much haste; but, however, they need not hurry, for there would be *no sport till he came*.

A gentleman in liquor knocking at the church door instead of his own, a person passing by, asked why he knocked there? Because it is *my house*, replied the gentleman. That's a mistake, returned the passenger; it is the *Lord's house*. If it be, said the gentleman, I should have got in before now, for the scripture says, *Knock, and it shall be opened to you*.

A fire happening at a public house, one of the croud was very pressing with the engineer to play against the wainscoat: but being told it was in no danger; I am sorry for that, said he, because I have a *long score upon it*, which I shall never be able to pay.

As a country squire was shaving in town, says to the barber, They do say here, as how that I has a fast place in my head; what dost thou think of it? Canst tell me where it is? The barber made a low bow, and replied, sir, as for the matter of that, I believe you are not belied, for *your head is soft all over*..

When Mr. Oliver offered himself a candidate to succeed Wm. Beckford, esq; as member for London, a gentleman observed, that he ought to have the preference to any other, as the constitution stood in need of an *Oliver* to preserve the liberty of the subject.

A painter

A painter who was somewhat jealous of his wife, having occasion to go abroad on particular business, begged that she would let him paint a lamb on her belly, and that it might remain there till his return: the wife readily consented. Soon after the departure of the painter, a jolly young merchant made warm love to his wife; and in a short time obtain'd not only a grant, but her real favours. This gentleman, on a particular examination, observed the lamb on her belly, and desired her to give him leave to take his pencil and refresh the painting: this was also granted him. When the painter return'd, he examin'd the painting on his wife's belly, and observ'd the lamb had got horns, tho' he had painted it without any. To which his wife replied, My dear, consider its upwards of a year since you've been gone; and if it was a *lamb* then, it must now be a *sheep*, and according to the course of nature should have *horns*.

A young man lately married in the country, was determined to get master of his wife in time; and seeing the pot on the fire, tho' the meat was not enough, ordered her to take the pot off: the good woman, loth to offend, set the pot aside: he then commanded her to put it behind the door, which she willingly did: and again he ordered her to put the pot upon the hen roost. Says the wife, I believe you're mad; but fearing his resentment, took a ladder, with the pot in her hand; praying her husband to hold the ladder: but when he look'd

look'd up, and said, Now the pot stands as I would have it; the wife poured the hot pottage on his head, saying, *Be the pottage as I would have them.*

A profligate wretch on reading the words, *There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour*; swore there was no woman there; because, said he, *it is impossible for a woman to hold her tongue so long.*

// It was said of a sermon, where there was a very thin audience, that it was the *voice of*
// *one crying in the wilderness.*

~ The emperor Sigismund left a widow in the bloom of youth, and extremely beautiful: one of her relations advised her never to marry again; because, said he, you ought to imitate the *turtle dove*. Will it not suffice, said she, if I imitate the *dove*?—It is observable that the *turtle* chooses no *second mate*, but the *dove* does.

A great personage having dismissed a young lady from an honourable station, said that her *maids of honour* should all be *honourable maids*.

When his late majesty was surprized by a storm at sea, a certain prelate asked the captain, if he thought there was any real danger. He answered, By G—d my lord, I believe we shall all be *in heaven* in a minute. *God forbid*, said his lordship.

A nobleman, remarkable for his good-nature and affability, ordering his servant pretty late a night to go with a message a considerable distance from the place where he was then
in

in company; the fellow did not receive his master's commands with that cheerfulness he ought. The nobleman, after the man had left the room, asked Mr. Farquhar, whether he did not think his footman looked somewhat sulky at receiving his orders, and what could be the meaning of it. My lord, says Farquhar, you are a *good master* to your servants, and as nobody *can do too much for a good master*, your man I suppose is determin'd *he never will*.

A young widow of wit, beauty, and fortune, was courted by country gentleman, who according to the vulgar notion, thought that those freedoms which would disgust a virgin, were absolutely necessary to be used in courting a widow, and therefore, at the first visit, behaved very indelicately both in speech and actions, on which the lady angrily asked him the meaning of such rude behaviour. He replied, You must excuse me, widow: it's spring time, and *the sap will rise*. Truly then, says the lady, I will *rise* too, for you are too *sappy* for me. And so walk'd off and left him.

A young lady asked a gentleman who was a lawyer, what was the most surprizing *rarity* in Sir Hans Sloane's collection? He answer'd, *A virgin at fifteen years of age*. Indeed, sir, replied she, you are mistaken; for I've been told by several, that in his whole collection there is nothing *so strange as an honest lawyer*.

In the heat of an engagement a sailor took a wounded comrade on his shoulders, and carrying him down to the surgeon, the fellow in
his

his way lost his head. Why, says the surgeon, do you bring me a man *without a head*? Odso, says the sailor, he told me he had only *lost his leg*: but he was always *a lying dog*.

A certain great man having a good living vacant by the death of a former incumbent, was solicited by many neighbouring clergymen of great learning for the next presentation; all whom he refused, because they could not inform him who was *Melchisedec's father*; of which a young fellow of a college in Oxford hearing, he came to the great man, and asked it for himself. Sir, said he, if you can tell who was *Melchisedec's father*, you may stand a good chance. That I'll do instantly, replied the young gentleman, and who was *his mother* too. And putting his hand in his pocket, pulls out a purse of guineas, saying, *There is his father*, my lord. Then turning his hand to the other pocket, took another purse: *And this*, my lord, *is his mother*, said he. Well, answered his lordship, this is something to the purpose, I confess; let me only *count the syllables of their names*; and, *if they are right*, you shall have the living.

A gentleman asked a shepherd, whether that river might be passed or not? Yes, said he. But upon trying, the gentleman floundered over head and ears. Why, you rogue, said he, did you not tell me it might be passed? Indeed, sir, said he, I thought so; for my *geese* go over and back again every day; and I did not doubt but *you was as wise as a goose*.

Lady

Lady **** spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent run of small beer, and asked him, how it might be best preserved. I know of no method so effectual, my lady, replied the butler, as placing *a barrel of good ale by it.*

A poor man in Suffex who was deemed very skilful in prognostications about the weather, was asked by a petty-fogging lawyer, *When the sun would change? When such a wicked lawyer as you goes to heaven.* said the poor fellow.

A Welchman seeing his master tearing some letters, Pray, sir, give hur one, says he, no matter which, to send to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

An honest, bluff, country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him, that he was better fed than taught. Very true indeed, said the farmer; *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

Beau Nash being one evening employed in collecting money for the Bath Hospital, a lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, You must put down *a trifle* for me, Nash; for I've no money in my pocket. Yes, madam, that I will with pleasure; if your Grace will tell me when to stop. Then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat; one, two, three, four,

four, five. Hold, hold, says the Duchess, consider what you are about! Consider your rank and fortune! madam! says Nash, and continued telling; six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Here the Duchess called again, and seemed angry. Pray compose yourself, madam, cries Nash, and don't interrupt the work of charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Here the Duchess storm'd, and caught hold of his hand. Peace, madam! says Nash, you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam; and upon the front of the building, madam; sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. I won't pay a farthing more, says the Duchess. Charity hides a multitude of faults, replies Nash; twenty one, twenty two, twenty three, twenty four, twenty five. Nash, says she, I protest you frighten me out of my wits. Lord, I shall die. Madam, you will never die with doing good; and if you do, it will be better for you, answers Nash; and was about to proceed. But perceiving her Grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued; when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Duchess however seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him stand farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him. But her Grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her, Come, says she, I will be friends with you, though you are

are a fool; and to let you see I'm not angry, there are *ten guineas more for your charity.*

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of his post-chaise: Tom, says he, here's a guinea which is too light, and I can get nobody to take it; do you see and part with it some how or other on the road. Yes, sir, says the man, I'll endeavour. When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the light guinea. Yes, sir, says the man, *I did it sily*. Aye, Tom! says the master, I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow: but tell me how? Why, sir, says the footman, the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined; but as *I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I whipped it in between the halfpence*; and the man put it in his pocket and never saw it.

Mr. Jokish and Mr. Jackson, two tradesmen in London, went to West Chester Fair, to lay a little money out: and being there one night, the chamberlain of the inn where they lodged, happened to conduct them thro' an apartment where there were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokish observed that one of them was so plaguy-long-shank'd, that his legs were half way out at the feet of the bed; which he no sooner saw, than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little sport with them; and as soon as they came into the next room, where they were to lie, he says to the chamberlain, you may now leave us, and we'll take

care of the candle ourselves. So when the chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his bedfellow with his design. Did you observe a man with his legs half a yard out of bed? Yes, said Jackson; and what then? If you'll hold the candle just at the door, answered Jokish, and light me, and take it away at my signal, I'll shew you some diversion. With all my heart, replied Jackson. So they both of them pulled off their slippers to prevent making a noise. As soon as Jokish came into the room where the two men lay, he spies by the bedside a pair of spurs; one of which he took up, and gently put it upon the man's naked foot that hung so far out of bed; and as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckons Jackson to take away the candle, and shut the door; and then he gives Teague, for it prov'd an Irishman, a hard pinch upon the same foot he had put the spur upon. The Irishman at this began to groul confoundedly, and hauling up his feet into the bed, though not awake, he scratched his bedfellow's legs sadly with the spur; who being a Scotchman, roars out in a devilish passion, De'el damn you, sir, gin ye not gang oot of the bed, and cut your nails, by St. Andrew I'll throw you oot o'th' window. The Irishman being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had happened, soon thrust down his legs as they were before. Then Jokish gave him t'other pinch, and up Teague hauls his feet again, and scratch'd the Scotchman as before, who began to pommel
his

his bedfellow heartily. Presently after the Irishman, rolling his legs about, struck the spur into his own leg, which throroughly awaked him: and putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with his foot, he cried out in a great fury, Arrah, devil have him! the hostler of dish inn is a very great rascal: for by St Patrick he has *pulled off both my boots*, and like a damned rogue has *left one of my spurs on*.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, had been constrained, thro' some expensive family sicknesses, &c. to contract debts with several in the parish; and being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time for fear of being troubled: and, in short, was so ashamed to see his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners, when he took his text from the New Testament in these words.—*Have Patience, and I will pay you all*. He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, *Have Patience*; secondly, *And I will pay you all*. He then expatiated very largely on that most christian virtue *patience*; after which, And now, says he, having done with my first head, *Have Patience*, I come to my second and last general head, which is, *And I will pay you all*:—but that I must defer to another

ther opportunity. Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him, that they would never trouble him.

One having a scolding wife, swore he would go drown himself : She followed, desiring him to forbear, or at least to let her speak to him. Speak quickly then, says he. Pray husband, if you will needs drown yourself, take my counsel, and go into a *very deep place, for it would grieve my heart to see you long a dying.*

A good-humour'd wife abusing her husband for his mercenary disposition, told him, that if she was dead he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get any thing by it. That's true, replied the husband, but the worst is *one can't marry two sisters*

A certain gentleman being very angry at one of his neighbours, about some expressions which had been told him again, cried out, the devil take all the cuckolds, I wish they were all in the river. On which his wife answer'd, O, dear husband how can you wish so, when you know *you can't swim.*

An Italian was accused for marrying five wives ; when being carried before the judge, he was asked, why he had married so many ? He answer'd, In hopes to meet with *a good one, if possible.*

A good woman having taken too large a morning draught, fell asleep in the church, and at length began to snore ; upon which one jogged her. Pray, says she, give the cup to my gossip Joan, for I can drink no more.

A young gentlewoman married to a wild spark, who had run thro' a plentiful estate, and was reduced to some streights, said to him very innocently, My dear, I want some *shifts* sadly. Z—ds, madam, replied he, how can that be, when we *make so many every day*.

Some men and their wives who all lived on the same side of a street, being merry making at a neighbour's house; said one of the husbands, it is reported that all the men in our row are cuckolds, except *one*. Soon after, his wife being thoughtful, What makes you sad, my dear, said he; I hope you are not offended at what I said? No, said she, I am only considering who that *one* can be.

A gentleman in the country, whose wife had the misfortune to hang herself on an apple tree, was requested by a neighbour to give him a cyon of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard; for who knows, said he, but it *may bear the same fruit*.

A countryman sowing in his field, and two smart fellows riding by, one of them called to him with an insolent air, So, honest countryman, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruit of your labour. To which the farmer replied, It is very likely *you may*, for truly I am sowing *hemp*.

A person having two wicked sons, one of whom robbed him of his money, the other of his goods, his neighbours came to condole his misfortune; when one of them said, He might sue the hundred for the loss, as he had been *robbed between son and son*. A

A young gentleman who had an inclination to get upon the stage, applied to Rich, who desired him to speak some lines from the famous soliloquy of Hamlet. The gentleman began in a very disagreeable manner, *To be or not to be—that is the question? Not to be*, says Rich; and so left him to rant by himself.

A young lady having been lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise early one morning, said, What, my dear, are you getting up already! Pray lay a little longer and rest yourself. No, my dear, replied the husband, *I'll get up and rest myself*.

A gentleman calling for small beer at a friend's table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the servant without drinking. What, said the master of the house, don't you like the beer! it is not to be found fault with. No, answer'd the other, *we should never speak ill of the dead*.

A Templar went at Christmas into Yorkshire, and took some other Templars along with him; and upon one of the holydays, he would have 'em to an alehouse hard by, where the woman was deaf: So coming there, O, my young master, said she, I've not seen you these seven years. Then he, thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, Here's to thee, and to all the whores, rogues, and bawds in England. She seeing his lips go, but not hearing him, said, Come, sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your father and mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters.

A youth

A youth standing by while his father was at play, and observing him lose a great deal of money, burst into tears. His father ask'd him, why he wept. Oh, sir! said he, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he was told that his father Philip had conquered many towns, cities, and countries, fearing he would leave him *nothing to win*: but I wept for fear you should leave me *nothing to lose*.

A drunken fellow having made a way with all his goods, except his feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that; for which being reproved by some friends; Phoo! said he, *I am very well, thank God, and w'hy should I keep my bed?*

A lord endeavouring to persuade one of his dependants to marry his cast-off mistress, said, I ho' she had been used a little, when she got a good husband she might turn. Ay but my lord, replied the other, she has been *so much used*, that I am afraid she *is not worth turning*.

A droll fellow who got a living by fidling at fairs and about the country, was met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus. Bless me, what are you alive! Why not, said the fidler; did you send any one to kill me? No, replies the other, but I was told you was dead. Ay, so it was reported, it seems, said the fidler, but *I knew it was a lye as soon as I heard it*.

A French soldier being to be hanged for desertion, begged very hard of the general that

that he would grant him one small favour after he was dead; which he promised he would. This however did not satisfy the poor fellow, who fell on his knees, and begged he would swear it. Upon my honour then I will, said the General: And what may this favour be? *Only to kiss my a—e*, says the soldier. Ay, is it so? replies the General; then set him at liberty immediately: for I had much rather pardon his crime when living than kiss his a—e when dead.

A certain couple going to Dunmow, in Essex, to demand the fitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married couple who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented the bargain, in a year and a day. The steward ready to deliver it, ask'd, where they would put it? The husband produced a bag, and told him in that. That, says the steward, is not half big enough. So I told my wife, answer'd the good man, and I believe we had *a hundred words* about it. Ay, said the steward, then *I must again hang up the bacon*.

A Scotch bag-piper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner. He had no sooner said grace than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat till his provisions were all gone: at length he took up his bag-pipes, and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. The de'el saw me, said Sawney, an I had kenn'd *ye lov'd music so*, ye should have had it *before dinner*.

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to crack a joak on him, asked, why his fore-horse was so fat, and the others so lean. The waggoner, knowing them to be limbs of the law, replied, *That his fore-horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.*

When Mrs. Woffington first acted 'Sir Harry Wildair at Drury Lane playhouse, coming off the stage into the Green Room, *I believe*, said she, *one half of the house take me really for a man.* To which Quin replied, *But the other half, madam, know to the contrary.*

A poor fellow going to execution, had a reprieve just as he got to the gallows, and was taken back by the sheriff's officer; who told him he was a happy fellow, and asked, if he knew nothing of the reprieve before. No, replied the fellow, *I thought no more of it than I did of my dying day.*

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock in a new coat. The parson ask'd him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. The same people, said the shepherd, that cloath you; the parish. The parson a little nettled, rode on murmuring a pretty way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted *a fool*. The man went to the shepherd accordingly, and delivered his master's message. Why, are you going away then? said the shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your master,

master, replies the shepherd, his living won't maintain *three of us*.

A country bumpkin coming to London, was much taken with the sight of a chair, or sedan ; and bargain'd with the chairmen to carry him to a place he named. The chairmen observing the curiosity of the clown to be unsuitable to the meanness of his dress, privately took out the bottom of the chair, and then put him into it ; so that, when they took it up, his feet were upon the ground ; and as the chairmen advanced, so did he. To add to the diversion, if they saw any place dirtier than ordinary, they chose to go through it. The countryman believing that others were carried or driven in the same manner, when he came to his lodgings paid them their fare. Returning into the country, he told them what rare things he had seen in London, and that he had been carried in a sedan. A sedan ! said one : What is that ? Why, replied he, a thing like our watch house, only it is covered with leather : But were it not for the name of *riding in a sedan*, one might as well *walk on foot*.

A Judge being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence. On which the prosecutor cries out, Ten-pence, my lord ! why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds. *Ob*, says the Judge, *we must not hang a man for fashion sake*.

An old woman who was famous for selling ale at Oxford, and to whose house there resorted many of the scholars ; several of them
 remarked,

remarked, that they had never seen their landlady at church, and insisted, that if she valued their custom, and hoped to have the continuance of it for the future, that on the succeeding, and every Sunday following, she should constantly be there. She, like a woman who valued interest more than religion, told them she would very willingly comply with their requests. Accordingly, when Sunday came, she arrayed herself in her best apparel, and taking her antient clasp bible, proceeded in great form to church; but being unused to the place, in sermon-time she fell fast asleep, and let her bible fall; which making a great noise, awaken'd her. She had forgot where she was, and thinking she had been at home, and that her maids had done some mischief, started up in a great passion, exclaiming, *So, you shut, there's another jug broke, is there!*

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade, was told of some of his tricks by a merchant on Change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, What, sir! do you call me a *rogue*? No, I don't call you a *rogue*, said the merchant; but I'll give you ten guineas if you'll find any one here who will say that you are an *honest man*.

A citizen inviting some of his neighbours to a feast, his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman, accidentally spilt it upon his cloaths; and, for his carelessness, his father gave him a box on the ear. The lad having recover'd himself, gave the next man a good box;

box. Being asked the reason, he said, *Come, come, let it go round; it will come to my father anon; for I dare not strike him myself.*

An arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried, the Judge immediately cried out, Oh, here's a noted villain, I'm sure: why, sirrah, I can see the rogue in your face. Ay, my lord, says the fellow, I wonder at that; for I did not know my face was a *looking-glass, till your lordship saw your face in it*

A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happen'd on a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hayloft to lay in, and a fire to dry himself; the man told him he and his wife had but one bed, but if he would lie with them he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted the offer. In the morning the man rose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry. Why, said he, I cannot but think how shamed the parson will be when he wakes, to find himself left a-bed with my wife.

A man very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a gentleman as a good match for his daughter. No, said he, I had rather have *a man for my daughter without money, than money without a man*

A gentleman galloping furiously over plow'd land towards Tame, and meeting one, asked him, If that was the way to Tame?

Ay,

Ay, says the fellow, *to tame your horse*, if he were as wild as the devil.

One being advised to venture something in a lottery: Not I, says he, for none have luck in it but *rank cuckolds*. Come, come, my dear, says his wife, prithee venture something: *I'm sure you will stand as good a chance as any body*.

A lady ordered her Irish footman to fetch home a new pair of stays, strictly charging him, if it rain'd, to take a hackney coach, to prevent their being injur'd by the wet. A violent shower of rain falling, the fellow return'd with the stays dropping wet; and being reprimanded for not obeying the commands of his lady, replied, That in truth he did take a coach, *but rode all the way behind it*, as it became his station.

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law. His master said, if he would promise to pay for their supper, he would tell him; which was agreed to. Why then, said the master, *good witnesses* are the chief point in the law. When they came to the inn, the lawyer ordered a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them, according to the agreement. Oh, sir, said he, where are *your witnesses*?

One told another, who was not used to be new cloathed often, that his new coat was *too short* for him. That's true, said he, but it will be *long enough* before I get another.

A gentleman eating some Cheshire cheese pretty full of maggots, took several on the point of a knife, and eat them. Now, said he, I have destroyed more at once than ever Sampson did. Ay, sir, says one, so you have, and with the *same weapon too*: the *jaw bone of an ass*.

A gentleman riding down a very steep hill and being afraid that the foot of it was boggy, called to a clown that was ditching, and asked him, if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, ay, it is very hard at the bottom, I'll warrant you: which encouraged the gentleman to ride confidently down the hill. But in six or seven yards stepping, his horse sunk up to the belly in a bog; which made the gentleman kick and whip, and curse and swear at the fellow, who was within hearing; and to whom he called out, You country rogue! did you not tell me it was *hard at the bottom*? The ditcher answer'd, Yes I did; and so it is, sir: but you're not at *the bottom yet by a mile*.

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it: the miller looking out of a little wicket, asked them what they would have, and what they star'd at. Why, said one of them, we are looking at this thing: Pray what is it? Why, said the miller, where are your eyes! Don't you see it is a windmill? We crave your mercy, sir, said the scholar, but we took it for a *gaol*, seeing a *thief* look out of the window.

It was a saying of King Charles II. that sailors got their money like horses, and spent it

like asses : and the following story is an instance of it.—One sailor coming to another on pay-day, desired to borrow twenty shillings of him. The money'd man fell to telling out the sum in shillings ; but a half crown thrusting its head in, put him out, and he began to tell again ; when an impertinent crown piece was as officious as its half brother had been, and again interrupted the reckoning : so taking up a handful of silver, he cried, Here, Jack ! give me a *handful* when your ship is paid : what a pox signifies *counting it*.

The standers by, to comfort a poor man who lay on his death-bed, told him, he should be carried to the church by four proper lusty fellows. I thank you, said he, but I'd much rather *go myself*.

A gentleman sent for a carpenter's servant to drive a nail or two in his study ; after the fellow had done, he scratched his ears, and said, he hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink. Make you drink ! says the gentleman, there's a *pickled herring* for you ; and *if that will not make you drink, I'll give you another*.

Lunn, the famous Harlequin, used often to sup at the Sun Tavern, in Clare Market, which has a door in one street, and windows in another. One night, after the play, he got into a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun. It happened as the man was driving by the window, Lunn perceived it to be open, and threw himself out of

the coach into the room. The coachman having turned the corner, drove up to the house, and getting from the box, opened the door and let down the step; then taking off his hat, he waited some time, expecting his fare to alight; but at last looking into his coach and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him; and remounting his box, turn'd about, and was driving the same way back. As he passed again by the window, Lunn watched the opportunity, and threw himself into the coach: he then looked out, and calling to the man, asked where he was going; and bid him turn, and come once more to the Sun Tavern door.

When Lunn got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he would have given him his fare. — No, God bless your honour, says the man, my master has order'd me to take no money to-night. Why then, says Lunn, he's a fool: here's a shilling for yourself. No, says the coachman (who by this time had mounted his box), *that won't do; I know you too well for all your shoes. And so, Mr. Devil, for once you are outwitted.*

An old covetous gentleman died, and left his estate to a very extravagant son. This spark going to Tunbridge, was angry with his coachman for not driving faster, and call'd to him, You dog, if you do not make more haste, I'll come out of my coach, and *kick you to the devil.* If you do, sir, says the fellow, *I'll tell your father how extravagantly you spend his estate.*

A per-

A person being summoned to appear at the Sessions, for a witness upon a fray that happened in Holborn, being called to stand up to give his evidence, the Judge said to him, Friend, how came these two persons to fall out. *Why, an't please you, my lord,* replied the fellow, *he said, my lord, you are a rogue.* The Judge perceiving the people smile, bid him speak to the jury, for there were *twelve of them.*

Dr. M—de coming out of Tom's Coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and desired he would lend him five guineas. Sir, said the doctor, I am surprized you should apply to me for such a favour, who don't know you. Oh, dear sir! replied the apothecary. it is for that very reason I ask it: for *those who do know me will not lend me a farthing.*

Two gentlemen, the one named *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to see an owl. Says the last, That bird is very like a *Woodcock*. You are wrong, said the other, for it is *Fuller* in the head, *Fuller* in the eyes, and *Fuller* all over.

A linnen draper in London had his picture drawn in armour, which he was very fond of shewing. Two country gentlemen of his acquaintance coming to see him, he, according to custom, shewed them the picture, asking if it was not very like him. Indeed, says one of them, it's a good likeness; but there's one fault in it; for tho' you are drawn in *armour* the painter has given you no *head-*

piece. Pho, said his friend, if he'd *had a head-piece* he'd never have been *drawn in armour*.

A gentleman going to take water at Whitehall stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, Who can swim? I, master, said forty hauling mouths: When the gentleman observing one sinking away, called him; but the fellow turning about, said, Sir, I cannot swim. Then you are my man, said the gentleman; for you will at least *take care of me for your own sake*.

A certain Kentish nobleman being in company with some Scots officers, was praising the situation of his villa, and the pleasantness of the country in general; but above all, insisted upon his peculiar happiness, as he had a musical ear, in having such a multitude of nightingales about him. *Nightingales!* said a bonny Scot, *we have an infinity of them near Edinburgh.* Sir, replies my lord, I thought those birds had never reach'd so far North: pray what kind of bird is a nightingale. My lord, rejoins the Scotchman, it is *about as bug as a pudgeon, and has a head like a cat, and cries whoo, whoo, whoo.*

A great croud being gather'd about a poor cobbler, who had just dropt down dead in the street; a man asked another, what was to be seen? *Only a cobbler's end*, replied he.

// A humourous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel who was much given to brow beat the evidence, asked him, how far he was from the parties, when he saw the de-

ferdant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answer'd, Just four feet five inches and a half. Prithee, fellow, said the counsel how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance? Why to tell you the truth, says the carpenter, I thought *some fool or other* might ask me, and so I measur'd it. //

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his mess-mate to go down and fetch a can of small beer. Teague knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused: Arrah by my shoul, said he, and so, *while I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail and leave me behind.*

A countess coming into the dressing room of her daughter, a young lady of about fourteen, whilst she was at her toilet, and observing her very busy in setting her person off to the best advantage; herself being in full dress and richly adorn'd with jewels; asked the girl, What she would give to be as fine as her mamma? To which the young lady replied, Not quite so much as your ladyship would give to be *as young as I am.*

A Cantabrigian being arrived in London, // went to a tavern in Fleet Street, in order to send for a friend to sup: but being very thirsty when he came in, ordered the waiter to fetch him a *little porter* immediately: upon which the lad run to the Temple, and presently returned, introducing a little man, a ticket-porter, telling the gentleman, he was the *least porter he could meet with.* //

A poor

A poor country parson who was unprovided with a Sundays dinner; sent his maic, just before he went to church, to a neighbour whose name was Paul. for some eggs and bacon on credit; but having a long score unpaid, the poor parson's *light was out*, and the maid received for answer, that her master must pay off the old score first. Then the maid, having no dinner to dress, repaired to church; and on her master's bauling out, *What says Paul!* the poor ignorant girl, with a loud voice, replied, *Paul says you must pay off the old score first.*

A gentleman seeing Beau Nash go out very finely dressed, after the mutual compliments, asked where he was going. Going! said Nash, why I'm going to *advertise*. *What?* said the gentleman *Why myself*, quoth Nash; for that's the only use of a fine coat.

A Frenchman who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her *bitch*, but could not recollect the name. At last he thought he'd done it by saying, Begar, mine dear, you be *von vile dog's wife*. Ay, that's true enough; the more is my misfortune.

A gentlewoman, who had two gallants, growing big with child, the question was put who should be the father; when one of them who had a wooden leg, offer'd to decide it thus: If the child comes into the world *with a wooden leg*, I will father it; if not, it shall be yours.

A young

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, her master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so! Prithce, where's the wonder? said he, *If she had got me with child*, you might have wondered indeed.

Some gentlemen coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link boy cried, Have a light, gentlemen! Light yourself to the devil, you dog, said one of the company. Bless you, master, replied the boy, I can find my way in the dark—*Shall I light your worship thither?*

An arch boy being at table where there was a hot apple pye, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it so that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, asked him why he wept. Only, said he, because it just came into my remembrance that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth. Phoo, said the other, is that all? So whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathized with the boy; who seeing his eyes brimfull, with a malicious sneer asked him why he wept. A pox on you, said he, because you were not hanged, you young dog, the same day your grandmother died.

Dr. Cheyney once when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the doctor came to see his patient, and found him up and well; on which he asked, if he had follow'd his prescription. Follow'd your prescription! cried Nash. No, egad!—*If I had I should*

have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window

One Hog being to be tried before Judge Bacon, he told him he was his kinsman. Says the Judge. No *hog* can be *bacon* till he's *hanged*; and then I'll allow you to be my *kinsman*.

A lady was saying she had overthrown her adversary: At which one of her servants said, Ay, madam, he took *a wrong sow by the ear* when he meddled with *your ladyship*.

A woman prosecuted a gentleman for a rape. Upon the trial, the Judge asked her if she made any resistance. *I cried out*, an't please your lordship, replied the woman Ay, said one of the witnesses, but that was *nine months after*.

One who had formerly been in good circumstances, but had squander'd away his estate, and had left himself no other necessities than a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and such other lumber; seeing a gang of thieves endeavouring to break into his house one night, he baul'd out to them, *Are you not a pack of damned fools, to think to find any thing here in the dark, when I can find nothing by day-light.*

A gentleman having brought his friend down into his cellar; his friend observing there was no seat to sit on, asked him the reason of it. Because said the other, I will have no man that comes here drink any longer *than he can stand*.

On a time Ogle wanting a pair of boots to mount guard in, goes into a shoemaker's shop and asked for a pair of boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walked up and down the shop to settle them to his feet; and seeing an opportunity, he ran out of the shop, and the shoemaker followed him, crying, Stop thief! stop thief! Ogle said, No, gentlemen, it is for a *wager*, I am to run in *boots*, and he in *shoes and stockings*. Then said the mob, Well run boots, for shoes and stockings will never overtake thee.

A gentleman being choaked with a honey-comb, his friends began to bemoan him. Why make you such lamentations, said a witty person; never man had *sweeter death*.

A man who travelled the country, and got his bread by flying on a rope from the tops of steeples, &c. applied once to a learned bishop for leave to fly from the top of the cathedral; and engaged some people of weight to speak in his behalf: to whom the bishop replied, It is inconsistent with my duty and the nature of my function to permit any man *to fly from the church*; but your friend may *fly to it* if he will.

A little gentleman going to a friend's house, found himself too short to reach the knocker: at last seeing a very tall fellow coming by, he begged him to do it for him: which though very unwillingly, he did, at the same time muttering, *Damn it, what are little fellows like you made for?* The other smartly replied, *To be waited on by the tall ones like you.* A

A very ingenious man was walking along Cheapside, whom a hectoring blade meeting, thrust him from the wall, saying, he did not use to give *every jackanapes* the wall. *But I do*, said the gentleman: and so passed on.

Two gentlemen riding on the road, saw a miller just before them, whom they agreed to banter. Miller, says one of them, can you chop logic? No, said the miller. Why then I'll teach you! your horse has eight sides. How, said the fellow, can that be? Upon which the gentleman told him. Oh! said the miller, if that be chopping of logic, I'll chop with you: Your saddle is a *mule*. That is impossible, said the gentleman. Pray, sir, says he, is not a *mule between a horse and an ass?*

A taylor sent his bill to a lawyer for money. The lawyer bid the boy tell his master, that he was not running away, but was very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him, he must needs have the money. Didst tell thy master, said the lawyer, *I was not running away?* Yes, sir, said the boy, but he bid me tell you *that he was*.

A country fellow just come up to London, peeping into every shop that he passed by, at last looked into a scrivener's; where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what was sold there; and calling to the clerk said, Pray, sir, what do you sell? *Loggerheads*, said the other. Do you so, answered the other? Egad, you have a fine trade then, *for you have but one left*.

A Welch-

A Welchman riding with a charge of money, was set upon by a thief, who bid him deliver it presently, or he would make the pistol pounce thro' him. Says hur so! quoth the Welchman: Well, there is hur master's money; better lose that than her own life! But, fir, since hur has hur money, let hur have a pounce for it. So the thief, to please the Welchman, let off his pistol. Splutter hur nails, quoth the fellow, that was a rare pounce intet: Goot fir, let hur have another pounce. So the thief let off the other; with which the Welchman seem'd to be better pleased than before; and asked him if he had no more pounces. No says he, I've no more. Then, said the Welchman, hur has *one pounce* in store, which hur will make pounce through hur immediately, if hur deliver not back hur money presently. On this the thief, though with much reluctance, was obliged to give the Welch fox his money again.

Beau Nash met a young gentleman of his acquaintance, early one morning, very much in liquor; and enquiring where he had been, the gentleman replied, that he had been all night at a *concert of music*. Very likely, said Nash, for I perceive you have *drank to some tune*.

At an entertainment given by the heads of a parish, to which Mr. Nash was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably,

was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper to call for. Hey-day, Mr. Amen, says Nash, this is making rather too free, I think; for *tho' you make the company sing what you please on Sundays*, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so *every day in the week*.

Mr. Nash having supped at a friend's house in the city, and staid late, call'd a hackney coach at Temple Bar, and bid the man drive to Berkeley Square, where he then lodged. The coachman vexed at so long a fare, grumbled very much, and as he was mounting the box, swore he should be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house Nash called the fellow into the parlour, and told him of the wicked expression he'd heard from his mouth, asking him what he meant by it. The fellow replied, he was somewhat provok'd at being to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon. But you silly dog, said Nash, do you consider, that if it were possible for you to drive me to hell, you must go in first yourself. No, no, matter, answer'd the coachman, I would have provided against that well enough. How can that be? said Nash. There is no occasion for any more words, please your honour: all is over now, replied the fellow. Nash however insisted on knowing what he meant by saying, he had provided against going into hell first. The coachman replied, Why, to tell you the

truth, *I would have backed your honour in.* Nash could not forbear laughing at this salvo, called the fellow an arch dog, and gave him a shilling to drink his health.

Mr. Nash had frequent disputes with a gentleman who was of French extraction, though born in England, relative to the superiority of the two nations in point of wit. The gentleman asserted, that the English were by no means a match for the French in repartee and sallies of humour. Nash allowed that the French had more vivacity, and were more loquacious: but that (notwithstanding the English were far from valuing themselves on a qualification of such trivial consequence) as many real bon-mots passed in the polite assemblies of this kingdom, as in those of France; and as for the lower class of people, it was certain they were excelled by that of no nation in the world for real genuine humour: adding that he scarce ever passed along the streets of London, or mingled in a croud there, but he met with some instances in proof of his assertion.—It happened that in their return from the coffee house where this conversation was held, to St. James's end of the town, there was a croud assembled to see a man standing on the pillory: on which the gentleman proposed to Mr. Nash to secure their pockets, and mingle among the mob, by way of experiment to confirm or annul the character the latter had given of the humour of the common people. As the delin-

quent in the pillory was placed there for keeping a disorderly house, the populace, looking on it an inconsiderable offence, did not throw any thing at, or ill treat him, as is usual for crimes of a different nature; therefore the fellow was quite easy and unconcern'd, and lifted the upper part of the pillory higher, and then let it down again, just to suit himself. On which one of the spectators, who stood there with a load on his head, seeing the offender so dexterous, said, D—n it, 'tis my opinion the fellow *has served his time* to the pillory, he is so *bandy* about it. To which a droll fellow in a leather apron replied, Served his time to it! you may be sure he has: don't you see *he is set up* for himself? Set up! cries another, how can *he be set up* when *he stands*? Why, you foolish dog, rejoin'd he who spoke second, don't you see it is a *standing business*? Then a fellow in a woollen cap calls out to the man in the pillory, Harkee, cocky, had you not rather the *jokes* should fly about than the *rotten eggs*? Ay sure, master, replied the man, tho' it was on account of *some sort of jokes* I got my head into this hole. By this time a barrow-woman added one more to the assembly, when a porter accosts her with, Well, Moll, what brought you here? to which she return'd, Curiosity and my legs, Jack: now I hope the *fool's* answer'd *Fool!* said the fellow, what do you mean by that, you slut? Why you must be a *fool*, rejoined she, because you can neither *read* nor *write*. Very true, said he, but *I can set my mark*:

and immediately striking her in the face, gave the woman a black eye. This brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part; when Mr. Nash and his friend made the best of their way out of the croud, highly diverted with the above and several other specimens of low wit; which the gentleman allow'd to be as good puns as many to be met with in the French Collections of Bon Mots.

A gentleman complained to his friend that the extravagance and ill conduct of his wife had almost ruin'd him, and concluded with a very common phrase in the complaining way, *for goodness sake what is to be said for these things*. Nothing, that I know of, replied his friend, is to be said *for* them, but much *against* them.

An author came into a bookseller's shop where a gentleman was reading, and offer'd a poem to sell. The bookseller refusing to give the money he asked, he turn'd short round, and said, he would take it home; for he did not care how much *wit he had in hand*. True, said the gentleman, and I think you should always keep some *in hand*, my friend; for I fancy you have but little *in head*.

A Welch parson having once made a great preachment about miracles, observed, that the prophet Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of a *quail*. He never took the least notice of his blunder, till he came down from the pulpit, and was whisper'd in

the ear by the clerk; who, with becoming modesty and submission, told the learned preacher that he had mistaken a *quail* for a *whale*. Tut, you fool, replied the shrewd parson, the *miracle is then the greater*.

Dr. Andrew Perne, dean of Ely, a man of keen wit, happened to call a clergyman a fool, who it seems was little better. The parson replied, that he would complain thereof to the Bishop of Ely. Do, said the dean, when you please, and my lord bishop will *confirm you*.

Beau Nash being in a market town in the country, had occasion to employ a porter about some business, in which he blunder'd egregiously, and put Nash in a passion, who scolded the porter severely. Zounds! sir, said the fellow, unable to bear his reproaches any longer, tell me what you'd have, and I'll get it you. Then get me, you puppy, a *greater fool than yourself*. Away went the fellow, and meeting the mayor of the town, told him Mr. Nash was at that inn, and wanted to speak with him. Nash, you must imagine, was greatly surprized when his worship told him the reason of his visit; and to excuse himself, confessed what had passed between him and the porter: upon which the mayor set out in a passion, and immediately ordered the fellow into the stocks. As soon as Nash was inform'd of this, he repeated those lines in Pope:

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things,
Attunes not for the Evils that it brings.

And then said he would go and comfort the poor devil. When he came to the place

where the delinquent was confined, he thus consoled him. Sirrah, said he, being a poor man, what business have you with wit? it is an ingredient the rich cannot manage but to their disadvantage. And turning round to one of his friends, My lord ———, says he, has so much wit that he can never keep a guinea in his pocket; and colonel ———, because of his wit, could never keep a friend. Wit is ever dealing in difficulties; you see it has brought this man to the stocks, who, if a fool, might have been mayor of the town, and sent others there. Then giving the porter a guinea, There friend, said he, is something for you: now go home and *study stupidity*. That I will, master, replied the fellow, *I'll study the whole corporation*.

Notwithstanding Nash valued himself on his wit, he was frequently overmatch'd, and sometimes let down even by the common people. An instance of this I was once witness of at an inn upon the road; where Nash being informed that a carrier who stopt at the door was an arch fellow, thus attacked him. Why they tell me, friend, that you are a very wise man. May be so, says the fellow. And that you know all London, continued Nash, and every body in it: Pray can you tell where I live? In *Knave's Acre*, replied the carrier. Ay, but I am going to move, said Nash. And that will be to *Tyburn* quoth the other.

Nash often played tricks with others, and on certain occasions met with very severe retaliations. Being at York Races, and having

lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to furnish him with fifty guineas, on condition he would stand at the great door of the minster, in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him —— What, says the doctor, Mr. Nash in masquerade! — *Only a Yorkshire pennance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company,* quoth Nash; pointing to his companions.

A young lady of quality, who affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, There's a smart country girl, I will go and have some discourse with her. Then going up to the lady, So child, said he, you are just come to Bath I see. Yes, sir, answered the lady. And you've been a good girl in the country, and learn'd to read your book I hope — Yes, sir. — Pray now let me examine you: I know you've read your Bible, and the history of *Tobit and his dog*: Can you tell me what was the *dog's name*? Yes, sir, says she; his *name was Nash*, and an *impudent dog he was*.

A gentleman was once at play with a lady for considerable stakes, which he from time to time lost, without either complaining or taking the necessary precautions to secure the game. Upon which the lady's father, turning to one of the lookers on asked which was the better gamester? Oh the gentleman,

abundantly, said he, for he don't play for *diamonds* but *hearts*. And so it happen'd; for he play'd himself into the lady's good graces, and married her in a few days; tho' he was a child of fortune, and she heiress to a considerable estate.

An old miserly gentleman in the country, had occasion once to send his maid with a letter to the Post Office, which was two miles from his house, on a very rainy day; when the girl, to save herself from being wet, offered a lad in the neighbourhood a groat, sixpence, and at last a shilling, to carry it: which the old miser overhearing, Well Betty, said he, since you can get nobody to go, *give me the shilling, and I'll go myself*; which he accordingly did.

Mr. Nash once overtook on the road an extravagant young gentleman, who had, a little before, borrow'd a few guineas of him at the gaming table; which Nash putting him in mind of, he promised to pay him some of the money before they parted. As they were jogging on their journey, they chanced to pass by a pound, when the young gentleman taking a shilling out of his pocket chuck'd it into the pound. There, Nash! said he, there is *one pound one* of your money. To which Nash severely replied, I can make no more of it, sir, than *a shilling in the pound*, which I suppose is the way you intend to pay all your debts.

As a boy was leading a calf with both his hands, a nobleman happen'd to pass by on

the highway. The boy it seems minded the calf more than the lord, and went trudging on without moving his hat. Why, firrah! said the nobleman, have you no more manners than to stand staring me in the face with your hat on? Alas! said the boy, *I'll pull off my hat with all my heart, if your lordship will but alight and hold the calf in the mean time.*

A mistress of a boarding school at Chelsea, who was very red-faced, taxing one of her scholars with some fault, the young lady denied it, but colour'd at the accusation. Nay, said the mistress, I am sure it must be true, for you blush. Pardon me, madam, said she, *it is only the reflexion of your face.*

We commonly say, second thoughts are best; and young women, who pretend to be averse to marriage, do not desire to be taken at their words. One asked a girl, *if she would have him,* No, faith, John, said she; *but you may have me* if you will.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answer'd, *I have bid him.* This frank confession brought her before the King, who told her, Nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed, could save her from torture, And will that do, sir? said she. Yes, said the king; I have given my word for it. Then, said she, *I have bid him in my heart, and there you'll find him.* Which surprising

answer charmed her enemies, and turn'd aside the King's resentment.

The corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr. Nash, placed a full-length statue of him in the Pump Room, between the busts of Newton and Pope: upon which occasion the Earl of Chester eld wrote the following severe and witty epigram:

Immortal Newton never spoke

More Truth than here you'll find;

Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a Joke,

Severer on Mankind.

The Picture plac'd the Busts between,

Adds to the Satire Strength:

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly at Full-length.

One asked his friend, why he, so proper a man, married so small a wife. Why, said he, I thought you had known, that *of all evils we should choose the least.*

A lawyer's clerk was in love with an extreme pretty girl, courted her, and agreed to marry her. The wedding entertainment was provided, and among others, the clerk's master was invited. In the heat of dancing, a sigh, caused by indigestion or windy food, escaped the bride the contrary way, and loud enough to be heard by all the company, who burst into laughter. She blushed, and the bridegroom was so confounded and enraged, that he instantly broke off the match, to which no remonstrances or intreaties could reconcile him; he imagining his acquaintance would jeer him for ever upon the accident: and he left the house in a pet. Great was

now the disorder of the guests. The clerk's master, who was one of them, and, though a man in years, had eyed the girl with great attention, and was smitten with her beauty, not only condemned his clerk's excessive delicacy, but proposed to repair the injury he had done the girl; and offer'd her marriage on the spot. Picqued at her lover's desertion, and pressed by her friends, who foresaw the advantages of such a match, she consented, and they were married immediately. After marriage, she behaved to him with so much modesty and discretion, that, dying soon after, he left her mistress of a very opulent fortune. Being now a widow, handsome, young, and rich, she had many offers of marriage; but accepted only the Marshal de l' Hospital, governor of Paris: who dying soon after, left her once more a widow, tho' with greater addition of honour than fortune. Her person and character were now so amiable, that Casimir King of Poland, residing in France after his abdication of the throne, fell in love with her, and married her. So extraordinary a fortune perhaps never before took its rise from so burlesque an incident.

King Charles II. coming thro' Shore Ditch from Newmarket, observed a wall lately made of horns there (which is common in the road), and lord Rochester, who was with him in the coach, take notice of it. Ay, sir, said he, *the citizens have been laying their heads together to mend the way against your majesty came by.* In

In a company of merry companions over a cheerful bowl, when different toasts were going round, a gentleman whose name was *Brown* toasted an absent lady, which he had done for many years, tho' he never had the courage to speak to her. Upon which one who sat next to him said, I believe you have *toasted* that lady these seven years at least, and it is surprising she is not *Brown* yet.

The reverend Mr. Whiston, the famous astronomer, made a calculation that the world would be at an end in eighteen years; but some after being about to dispose of a little estate, he asked the buyer thirty years purchase. Upon which, in great surprise, the gentleman demanded, with what face he could ask so much, when he well knew *the world would be at an end in little more than half that time.*

Dr. South visiting a gentleman one morning was asked to stay dinner, which he accepted of. The gentleman stepped into the next room and told his wife, desiring she would provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till at length her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested, that if it were not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon this the doctor, who overheard all that past, immediately stepped out, crying, I beg, sir, you will make *no stranger* of me.

A Duchess, in a late reign, hearing that a man in a high post, where he had an opportunity of fingering a great deal of money, had married his kept mistress: Dear me, said she, that fellow is always robbing the public.

Mr. Q—n being at the Assembly Room at Bath, a very fat gentleman danced with a lady as remarkable as himself for bulk. A member of parliament who sat next Q—n, and who had been a great promoter of the *wheel act*, asked him, how he liked that gentleman and lady's dancing. Why, said Q—n, it is the *first minuet* I ever saw upon broad wheels.

A Quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes, Yea and Nay went to him, and demanded the reason why he troubled him, since he never had any dealings with him in his life. Why, said the parson, it is for tythes. For tythes! said the Quaker, I prithee, friend, upon what account? Why, returned the parson, for preaching in the church. Alas! replied the Quaker, then I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there. Oh, but you might, said the parson, for *the doors are always open at convenient times*: and thereupon he told him, that he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and Nay hereupon scratched his ears, and, making several wry faces, departed; but immediately, it being a corporation town, entered his action against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, why

he put such a disgrace on him; and for what he owed him the money? Truly, friend, for trimming, said the Quaker. For trimming! said the parson; why I was never trim'd by thee in my life. Oh, return'd the Quaker, but thou mightest have come and been trimmed, if thou hadst pleased; for *my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine.*

A gay extravagant young gentleman was railing against his father in the presence of Mr. Nash, on account of his keeping too tight a hand over him, as he expressed it. Upon which Nash told him, that the only way to be rid of that restraint, was to prevail with his father to make him his *coachman*. What do you mean by that? said the young spark. Because then, replied Nash, you would have the *whip-band* of the old gentleman. //

Mr. Nash being one day at a public entertainment, where a gentleman was present who sat several hours without speaking a syllable, and as, from the character of the person, there was great reason to suspect that his silence was owing to a supercilious contempt of the company, Nash determined to show his resentment the first opportunity that offered. Accordingly, when supper was brought in, Nash was remarkably assiduous in helping the gentleman, and taking care to supply his plate when he saw it near empty. Upon this, one of the company demanded the reason for his extraordinary attention to the silent person.

son. To which Nash replied, I assure you it is from the tenderness of my disposition; for I can't bear to see *dumb creatures want*.—— This smart hit occasioned an universal laugh, and put the gentleman into some confusion; however, he carried it off very well, and was good company the rest of the night.

An amorous young fellow making very warm addressees to a married woman. Pray, sir, be quiet, said she: I've a husband who *won't thank you* for making him a cuckold. No, madam, replied he. *but you will*, I hope.

Dean Swift having preach'd an affize-*sermon* in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the judges; and having in his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he bore a little hard upon the counsellors who plead causes which they know in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister who was present took occasion to retort upon the Dean; and after many altercations on both sides, the counsellor at last asked him, *If the devil were to die*, whether a *parson* might not be found for *money* to preach his *funeral sermon*? Yes, said Swift, and I would gladly be the man; for then I would give *the devil his due*, as I have this day done *his children*.

An Englishman and a Scotchman coming both together to an inn, found nothing to be had but a piece of mutton and a chicken; so one would have the chicken, and the other would have it; and began to quarrel. The

landlady desired they would be pleased to eat it together; but Sawney, whose head was building castles in the air, said it should be reserved till the morning, and he that dreamt the best dream should have it for his breakfast. So eating the mutton for their supper, they went to bed. The Scotchman could not sleep a wink for thinking what he should dream; but the Englishman, observing where the chicken was set, rose in the night and eat it. In the morning when both were up, the Scotchman said very hastily, I have dream'd the bravest dream in the world; for I saw the heavens open, and a choir of angels came and carried me to St. Andrew. And I, said the Englishman, dream'd that I saw you carried up to heaven; and thinking you would never come down again, I rose and eat the chicken: *for I knew you would have no occasion for fowl there.*

A barber, thinking to mock a chimney-sweeper, cries, What news from hell, you smooty son of a whore: how fares *the devil* your master? Why, answer'd Grim, he wants to go abroad, and only waits for *you* to come and shave him.

An Irishman being told his house was on fire, cries out, Arrah, dear joy, it don't signify at all, because as why, d've see now, I've got *the key of the street door in my pocket.*

A gentleman being asked by a neighbour, how he did. Do, sir! said he; why *I think I do very well*; but really I can't get my wife to think so.

The

The parson of Ingarstone, in Essex, being drinking late at an inn in the town, the maid was called to light him home. The boy being an arch wag, follow'd at a little distance to watch them, and saw the parson make free with Mary in the church-yard. Some time after, the priest was joking with the boy, and told him, if he died, he'd write his epitaph, because he was a comical rascal. Sir, says the lad, I am too young to have an epitaph; but if you'll give me leave, I'll write one for you. With all my heart, replied the parson; come, let's hear, firrah. On which the boy wrote,

Under this Stone lies the Ingarstone Parson,
Upon which very Stone he clapt Mary's A—e on.

A country parson catechising some young people, among the rest was the maid of a neighbouring alehouse. When it came to her turn, he asked her the usual question, *What is your name?* Surely, doctor, said she laughing, you are very forgetful! Now, I suppose you pretend not to know a-body; but for all that, all the men in the house hear you cry, every day of your life, *Nan, you whore! fill us the other pot.*

New CONUNDRUMS.

WHY is a woman's tongue like a good clock?—Because it never stands still.
Why are lawyers the best parsons?—Because they bring most to repentance.

Why are Patty C—t's breasts like a shrew's tongue?—Because they are provoking.

Why is a silly fellow like a feather bed? —
Because he is soft.

Where should a lady clap her hands, if a man should enter a room where she is quite naked? — Upon his eyes.

Why is a Scotchman like a fart? — Because he never returns whence he came.

Why is Dr. Whitfield like an old gossip? — Because he is a tatter.

Why is a public house like a whore? — Because it is free for every body.

Why is a book like a bed? — Because it has sheets.

Why is an auctioneer like a goose? — Because he is always cackling.

Why is a woman who cuckolds her husband like a diamond? — Because she ad-horns him.

Why is a bed like heaven? — Because it is a place of rest.

Why is a fine lady like a musician? — Because she is always fiddling.

Why is the world like a Cheshire cheese? — Because it is round.

Why is a cobbler like a parson? — Because he mends the sole.

Why is swearing like an old coat? — Because it is a bad habit.

Why is a taylor like a sprout? — Because he will cabbage.

Why is a parson like a parrot? — Because he is often heard, but little regarded.

Why is a book like a glass? — Because it is often look'd into.

Epigrams, Epitaphs, Poems, Songs, &c.

On my Neighbour Thomas and his Wife.

WHEN Thomas calls his wife his half,
 I like the fellow's whim.
 For why? She horns him: So the jilt
 Belongs but half to him.

On a pretty Common Woman.

Would thou hadst beauty less, or virtue more:
 For nothing's uglier than a pretty whore.

On a pretty Lady of Ill Temper.

Did Celia's person and her mind agree,
 What mortal could behold her and be free?
 But nature has, in pity to mankind,
 Enrich'd the image, but defac'd the mind.

On a hasty Marriage.

Married! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
 But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
 In antient time, when folks were wed,
 'Twas to be one at board and bed;
 But hard's his case, who can't afford
 His charmer either bed or board.

*Pinned to a Sheet in which a Woman stood to
do Pennance in the Church.*

Here stand I; for whores as great
 To cast a scornful eye on;
 Should every whore be doom'd a sheet,
 You'd soon want one to lie on.

*Spoke by a Servant Maid in the Church, doing
Pennance for defaming her Mistress.*

Here do I stand according to law;
 Compell'd to deny what my own eyes saw:

His breeches were down, her belly was bare;
If he did nothing, what did he do there?

Truth told at last.

Says Colin in rage, contradicting his wife,
You never yet told me one truth in your life.
Vex'd Fanny no way could his thesis allow,
You're a cuckold, said she: Do I tell the
truth now?

On a Woman grown demure after Marriage.

Chloe new married looks on men no more;
Why then, 'tis plain for what she look'd be-
fore.

On a Butcher marrying a Tanner's Daughter.

A fitter match than this could not have been,
For now the flesh is married to the skin.

Epitaph on a talkative Old Maid.

Beneath this silent stone, is laid
A noisy antiquated maid;
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither she's gone we cannot tell;
For, if she talks not, she's in hell:
If she's in heaven, she's there unblest,
Because heaven is a place of rest.

Epitaph on a Miser married to a Coquet.

Here resteth John, 'midst other clay,
Who heap'd up riches every day,
And never gave one doit away;
Parted with nothing all his life,
But, what in common was——his wife.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr. John Day.

Here lies the body of John Day.

What young John? No, no. Old John? Ay.

Epitaph in Grantham Church-Yard.

John Palfryman, who lieth here,

Was aged four and twenty year:

And in this place his mother lies;

Also his father, when he dies.

On a Grave Stone in Cirencester Church-Yard.

Death takes the good, too good on earth to
stay;

And leaves the bad, too bad to take away,

S O N G S.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began, Where so long could you
stay?

In your life-time you never regarded your hour,
You proms'd at two, and pray look child, 'tis
four:

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear——

Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me! said she, let a body but speak!

Here's an ugly hard rose bud fell into my neck:

It has hurt me and vex'd me to such a degree:—

But I know you will never believe one:—pray
see

On the left side of my breast what a mark it has
made!

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd.

That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,

And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

YOUNG

YOUNG Roger threw Margery down on the floor.

With kissing, and palming, and thumbing:
For heaven's sake, quoth Madge, look who's at the door!

Oh curse you! there's somebody coming.
But Roger he vow'd, and he promis'd, and pray'd.

Oh Roger! you are but a humming:
I cannot believe you, said she: I'm afraid—

I'm afraid that there's somebody coming
But Roger kept hugging, and pressing, and squeez-
ing,

And at last the sly rogue fell to drumming;
Which last prov'd to Madge so delightfully pleas-
ing,

She car'd not if Old Nick was coming.

A Pretty French milliner ow'd me some money,
Which she promis'd to pay in a method
quite funny;

She told me one day, in a manner bewitching,
Monfieur, me will pay you your money in stitch-
ing.

Me can make you some shirts, a-la-mode de
Paris,

With the ruffle so fine as you never did see:
Mine trade is to hem, and to whip, and to stitch:
Repondez, Monfieur, why you look black as pish.

I told her I wanted no ruffles nor shirts,
And resolv'd not to deal any more with such flirts.
She quickly replied, Monfieur, if you won't,
Begar, den me never settle my conte.

Toasts, Sentiments, Hob-Nobs, &c.

A Head to earn, and a heart to spend.
All we wish, and all we want.
Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.

Decent œconomy.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Friendship without interest, love without deceit.

Frugality without meanness.

Gaiety and innocence.

Kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

May the passions of women be stronger than the prejudice of education.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the heart.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.

May the enemies of England never eat 'its bread,
or if they do, be choaked with the first bit.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May we always have a friend and know his value.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

What charms, arms, and disarms.

Extreme unction to dying virginity.

The magic ring.

The pipkin that will stretch without breaking.

The miraculous pitcher.

The thatch'd house under the hill.

The door of the world, and the knocker thereto.

THE CONCLUSION.

TO please, I've taken wond'rous pains,
And weary'd out my jaded brains;
I've exercis'd my utmost art,
To elevate the reader's heart:
In short, here's fun enough to win ye,
Or faith, good folks, the devil's in ye.

F I N I S.

